

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1878.

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One square, one insertion, \$1.00
A liberal deduction for each subsequent insertion.
Regular advertisers will find our rates to be as moderate as those of any other respectable paper.
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STANFORD, KY.

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HUFFMAN HOUSE.

[Late Miller House.]
LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

I have rented, newly painted, papered and newly furnished this Hotel. Commercial Travellers will find superior accommodations. An excellent LIVERY STABLE AND BAR are connected with the house.
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J. B. Owens having this day retired from the business, the undersigned have succeeded to the management of this old and well-known Hotel.

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Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travellers. The Bar will be always supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars. An excellent Livery is attached.
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March 15, 1878.
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NOW OPEN.

TERMS: \$14 PER WEEK,
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Every effort will be made to make visitors comfortable and contented while there.

Korke's Orchestra has been engaged for the season;

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A competent set of cooks and servants generally.

A liberal discount made to the citizens of Lincoln.

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I will be glad to continue the connection in business with all my friends, and promise at all times to protect their interests.

J. S. HUGHES.

WRITERS FOR THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

SUNSET FANCIES.

BY MISS M. WILSON STAFF.

Crimson clouds are brightly gleaming,
Purple tints dark shadows fling,
As in the sunset dreamily,
Lily and soft and shy.

Round me radiant men's faces gleam,
O'er me vague enchantments cast,
By their tender light revealing
Long-dimmed gardens of the past.

Be it that the eyes are swimming,
Or that the heart is full of light,
I cannot but be glad to see
The sunset glow so brightly bright.

Down the perfumed pathway tread,
Dainty blossoms kiss my feet,
Ever round me fragrance shedding—
Gems full and rich and sweet.

Not that I wish the sun to fade
From the scene of beauty bright,
Pictures here, so faintly cherished,
Glow with pure, perfect light.

Yet I find, when sunbeams gleaming,
All their glided fretwork trace,
Till I find their merry dancing,
Smiling shadows fall away.

Thus when the sun's rays are fading,
And the scene is dim and dim,
I find the sun's rays are fading,
And the scene is dim and dim.

The Dead Young Queen.

Many a man has felt the anguish which the young King of Spain is suffering to-day, as he mourns over the corpse of his girl-wife; but no man, perhaps, suffered more keenly from such a bereavement than he is suffering. For once at least a royal marriage had been a true love match. The Princess Mercedes was only in her 18th year, when, six months ago, she was married to her cousin, with whom, as a child, she had always been in love. We happen to know, from an American girl who was one of her school companions, how amiable, sweet, buoyant and lovable was the Princess, as regarded by her own sex. From other sources we know also how captivating and charming she appeared to masculine eyes. A more perfect creature than this young lady at the time of her marriage has seldom trod this planet. Behind the soft and sacred veil of her girlish innocence and abandon one saw the fascinating and irresistible woman. Her eyes, soft and somewhat pensive, were shaded with jet black lashes; at certain moments flashes like lightning shone from these mild luminaries. Her person was rather tall, lithe, well-shaped and exquisitely delicate. In repose she was charming; in conversation or in action she was fascinating. Her husband was passionately in love with her before their marriage; after the union, as sometimes happens, his devotion to, and admiration of her, increased every day. She opened to him the gates of Paradise, and the young pair wandered in their garden of Eden. King Alfonso had led a chaste—almost an austere life; he had studied, traveled, read, and acquired his knowledge of many sports and of military evolutions, always under the eyes of careful, conscientious and scrupulous tutors, who never left him. He came to his young wife with as pure a body and perhaps as pure a soul as hers; and their union, while it lasted, was filled with those ineffable and incomparable joys with which love crowns youth, innocence, health and lawful desire.

What seems to be a most harsh, cruel, and unchristian fate has intervened to cut short the charming idyl. The skill of physicians, the tender care of father and mother, the incessant watchfulness of the devoted husband, the prayers of the people, and even the masses said in every church in Madrid at every hour in the morning, were all unavailing, and the poor young Queen, after a few days' illness, expired in the arms of her husband, pressing to her lips, as one of the dispatches says, "a precious crucifix containing a fragment of the wood of the true cross," which she held in her left hand, "clasping her husband's hand in her right." So the sweet young Queen of Spain expired—and the heart of her husband is crushed. Similar tragedies happen every day; and the grief in the cottage is, doubtless, as great and as keen as it is in the palace. But it can not well be greater. —[N. Y. Graphic.

A curious pair of twins, who were born in Canada a few months ago, were exhibited at the New York Aquarium Saturday to a large number of medical men. They have perfectly formed heads, and look as far down as the last rib; below that the bodies are fused into one. Each has two arms, but only one leg. When a pin is thrust into the right leg the right girl will cry, while the left girl takes no notice of the injury. These curious babies are in good health, and have apparently a good chance of growing up. A physician who was present asserts that if they had been born separately one would have been a boy and the other a girl.

A Frontier Bulldozer.

When I applied for the position of city editor of the daily *Scalper*, a frontier paper of some pretense, the man at the helm simply asked my name, age, and weight, and what I knew about the business, and he employed me.

"The proprietor is not hard to suit, I said to the foreman that evening, as I began business.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he engaged me at once," I replied.

The foreman laughed.

"That's because he thinks you won't last more than a day or two. They never do."

"Who?"

"The editors—get cleaned out, you know; knocked in the head; shot to pieces—busted. Some of 'em leave the first day; others hang on for a week or more, then we carry 'em out to that hill you see over there and plant 'em. There's a row of local editors over there, and all died with their boots on."

Truly this was not very encouraging, but I did not believe half of it.

"It's a fact," declared the foreman. "This town ain't like other places; then this is a high pressure newspaper. If you wish to be popular you must pitch in to the people like blazes. Those fellows over on the hill were popular."

"And that's why they got killed, I suppose," I said.

"I reckon so; at any rate, they are dead. Joe Hodges killed them."

"Joe Hodges?"

"Yes."

"Who is he, pray?"

"The town bully; the masher of the village; a genuine, double-back-action rough. Better not say any thing about Joe, or he'll walk in here and mash you to a jelly in no time. Very particular is Joe about newspaper notices!"

"Then he shall have none in this paper," I said, determinedly.

"Oh, but that won't do!" exclaimed the foreman. "Joe is that sort of a fellow that won't be slighted—nothing he hates so as neglect; and then he's mixed up in every row—so you'll have to mention him. In fact, Joe Hodges is on the fight worse than any man I ever knew."

"Copy!" yelled out one of the compositors.

The foreman cleaned the hook and rushed into the composing room.

"I'll fix Joe Hodges," I said to myself when the man had gone; "the first blow is the best, so here goes."

I seized my pencil and wrote a little notice comparing Joe Hodges with a mule, and saying, that according to him the gates of Paradise, and the young pair wandered in their garden of Eden. King Alfonso had led a chaste—almost an austere life; he had studied, traveled, read, and acquired his knowledge of many sports and of military evolutions, always under the eyes of careful, conscientious and scrupulous tutors, who never left him.

A short, heavy-set, swarthy, low-browed rascal, with black hair and eyes, and red shirt—that was Joe Hodges.

"Take a seat," said I, and went on writing.

In a half-drunken way he floundered into a chair.

"What is your name?" said I, glancing at him.

"Joe Hodges."

I dashed it down on a broad piece of blank paper on the table.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-two," with a surprised look. I dashed that down in the same way.

"Your birth-place?"

"Missouri," with still more surprise. I put it down, and then reached for a heavy revolver, which I looked and laid on the table.

"Are you married?" I asked with a quiet look at the astonished man.

"No," he replied, staring wildly.

I put the answer down.

"What is your business?"

"A blacksmith."

I made a record of the fact, and then looked up to ask another question, when I saw that the bully had risen and stood glaring at me, with his hand on the door.

"What in the thunder are you writing?" he yelled, his face almost purple.

"An obituary," I answered.

"Whose?"

"Yours."

The Horrors of Railroad Traveling.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

July 15th, 1878.

Railroads are great institutions—entirely independent of the Solar-system, and yet, subject to as many changes as the moon. They have gained in wealth and power until they are almost a controlling influence in this great American republic. They are managed and mis-managed by Presidents, Superintendents and Directors—many of whom, though vulgar fractions of this grand republic attain princely wealth and influence.

The conductors and ticket agents play conspicuous parts in the daily management of trains; and one is not likely to forget all he sees and hears about the depots. The American people are a hurrying, busy people, not apt to "kick" if heat out of their money, so long as the means bears a facial feature of fairness. But after the time of the average American and such a "squel" goes up as leaves no doubt of his indignation. Arrive at the depot half an hour "ahead" of train time, in order to learn something of the changes, connections, &c., on the road—you find others already there for the same purpose, and more coming. But the agent has not yet arrived—all wait and wish until out of patience, then the remarks and exclamations of the crowd cease to be edifying. At last, within ten minutes of train time, he is seen coming—a murmur of gratification rises from the crowd as the agent steps in—stately, dignified, and perfumed—with the air of a conquering hero. Poor martyr, must serve the eager, anxious public a few minutes (?)—must tear himself from the pleasant social circle a long ten minutes, and he that wants information as to time, changes and connection of trains cannot get it, for the agent is too busy taking in change and handing out tickets. You may wait, hoping the crowd will soon be satisfied and you get an answer—but "still they come," you barely have time to get your ticket. You see the conductor step on the platform, and approach him for the information you needed to get from the agent, he is in close conversation with a gushing lady who holds her superfluous skirts on one arm while she familiarly taps him with a fan held in the other hand; he does not heed you at all, so "snap" is he, or "will see you directly." "All aboard," you get on, feeling a little uncertainty about where you are going, and when you will get there. Ask the conductor again as you hand him the ticket, and as he passes on, he mutters something in an indistinct tone. But praise the Lord! "where there's a will there's a way," and there is a way to reach him—watch for him and as he returns through the car, beckon him aside and moisten his thick-bearded, nectar-loving lips with a draught of old Kentucky Bourbon, then part them with a rich Havana, and in a very conciliatory way he will go down into his pockets and bring out the "time card" and kindly inform you that "this train does not make connection"—you will have to "lay over" thirteen hours at Nashville for a North-bound train, which North-bound train does not meet "the South-bound train at Lebanon Junction, you will have to stop over there twenty-two hours." You catch your breath. Twenty-two hours at Lebanon Junction! The place the good Lord turned his face from when the Railroad approached.

Then you settle down on the cinder bespoken cushion and try to become reconciled—while you resolve that God made the rivers, but the Devil made the railroads, and you would not care a copper if they were actually torn up, provided, however, that it was done behind you. When you reach the place where you are condemned to "lay over" and hear the conductor approach the landlady with, "how does the new change suit you?" "How is the bar running now?" "Full house every night, eh?" and see him drink from the landlady's free bottle and dine at his free table—if you are of a very suspecting nature, you are likely to conclude that the conductors have, either directly or indirectly, something to do with the changes of "time," or that they labor to make the landlady think so.

SHORT FELLOW.

On the night before his execution, French prisoner of rank sent for the celebrated M. Vilette, and informed him that he was greatly troubled by the state of his health. The physician examined him and prescribed for him and the medicine was taken as gravely as though the invalid expected to live for years.

Tis said that money makes the mare go, but it seems ten thousand wasn't enough to make the little California mare go—to amount to anything.—[Glasgow Times.

"Under Fire"

The first time that a soldier goes into action he fancies the shot that he hears whizzing through the air is aimed at him. But if he is not hit at first, he soon acquires a sort of fatalistic feeling that he never will be. The eve of a battle might be supposed to be a solemn moment. I have been at several, and I never perceived the vestige of solemnity, nor so far as I could perceive—did it strike any one that the next day he might be killed. The thoughts of every one were concentrated first on supper, and then on finding a comparatively comfortable place in which to sleep. During a battle all not immediately engaged are simply bored. It ever a hand-to-hand fight takes place, it is due to some brawler being in command on one side or the other. Most of the regiments engaged do not see the enemy. Attacking in column and bayonet charges are things of the past. Shells and bullets are fired in position or up on troops advancing. The victory is decided by artillery and breech-loader firing. Those who can concentrate the heaviest fire upon particular strategic points win. So mechanical is the whole affair that it is an admitted axiom that if one-third of the best regiment in the world can be put hors de combat, the remainder will execute a strategic maneuver to the rear.—[Labouchere in London Truth.

Eternity.

"Eternity has no gray hairs!" The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity. Eternity! stupendous thought! The ever-present, unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain compassing the life of God—the Golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its places, they are but as the gilded sepulchre, its possessions, they are the toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untold bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no foot-prints of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail—they are fresh from the throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever-present God, His harmonies will never cease—exhaustless love supplies the song.—[Spurgeon.

When a Shaker dies and is buried Elder Evans plants a tree over him, and that tree, as it gradually absorbs the deceased Shaker, puts on drab leaves and bears apples, pears or peaches, as the case may be, characterized by a sort of neutral flavor which is recognized as peculiarly Shakerian. The ingenious elder has now a large orchard full of dead brothers and sisters, under whose shade he walks on summer afternoons, and whose fruit he tastes on winter evenings. Occasionally a sister preserves her original tartness when transformed into apples, and it is said that one young Shakeress who died four years ago is extensively sold in the shape of canned peaches of unusual sweetness.

The largest number of live cattle ever shipped from New York at any one time were taken on the 26th, in the National Line steamer France for London. There were nearly 600 animals. The Holland, of the same line, which sailed on June 5th, carried 443 head, the freight charges on them being nearly \$14,000. The exportation of live cattle is rapidly increasing, one firm alone having shipped 8,000 head since February 1st. This increase is due to the greater value placed on live beef in Europe than upon that taken out in refrigerators, it being worth 4 cents more per pound in England.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—Seeing considerable about this disease in the different poultry and agricultural journals, I give you a very simple cure, which was communicated to me by a lady friend. We have tried it and found it "to work to a charm." It is simply a piece of salt bacon or shoulder nailed to a stump or board and placed where the fowls can pick at it. Old wormy stuff that is not fit to eat is just as good as any, and a large piece can be bought at almost any country store for a mere song. Try it.—[Hayseed, Jefferson, La., in Son of the Soil.

"Mr. President," said a Buffalo Alderman, "I make der motion as der new jail be build on der same spot as der old jail what's now standing; dat saves der money for der land, and I makes der motion as der old jail shall not be pull down till der new jail be built, so ve vill not be widout der jail."

The annoyance occasioned by the continued crying of the baby at once ceases when the cause is (as it should be) promptly removed by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price, 25 cents per bottle.

Clock in Trinity's Tower.

The clock in Trinity tower, New York City, is the heaviest in America. It might seem that in its construction an effort had been made to ascertain how much metal could possibly be planted in a clock. The frame stands nine feet long, five feet high, and three feet in width. The main wheel is thirty inches in diameter. There are three wheels in the time train, and three each in the strike and the chime. The winding wheels are formed of solid castings, thirty inches in diameter and two inches thick and are driven by a "pinion, and arbor." On this arbor is placed a jack, or another wheel, pinion and crank, and it takes 850 turns of the crank to wind up each weight. It requires 700 feet of three-inch rope to wind the clock. The pendulum is eighteen feet long and oscillates twenty-five times a minute. The dials are eight feet in diameter, although they look little more than half that size from Broadway. The three weights are about eight hundred, twelve hundred, and fifteen hundred pounds respectively. A large box is placed at the bottom of the well that holds about a bale of cotton waste, so that if a cord should break the cotton would check the concussion.

He took a Liberty.

She was a young lady from Duckwater, and had enjoyed her visit to the Base Range metropolis immensely. She was piquant, and one of the well known gallants had done his level best to make it pleasant for her during her stay. The exciting cause of the following was an attempt on his part to snatch a kiss from her pouting lips. Then she arose in all the dignity of offended maidenhood, and said: "See here, mister, just don't 'set 'em on too fresh! You've done the handsome thing in circling, ice cream, candy, and such, but you can't take no liberties. My Jake, out to the creek, he's got a quit claim to the premises, and don't you forget it. You can't squat on this location, and you had better hunt for a quarter section in some other direction, where you can get a better title and gather your own crop." The young man recognized the force of her argument and hunted.

A young man belonging to a family which is equally well known in Richmond and Norfolk, was a short time ago bitten by a pet owl. In a few hours he fell into violent convulsions, and his case became so desperate that he was removed to Pinel Hospital, where it was believed he would be more successfully treated. He had all the attention of skillful physicians and trained nurses, but grew rapidly worse. His case turned into what is properly called hydrophobia. One of the doctors informed us that the young man had every symptom of that most dread malady. Death came to him as a happy release from sufferings most intense.—[Norfolk Virginian.

Walton, how is this? A gentleman says he was recently in Stanford when a rural couple, just welded into a matrimonial oneness, walked into a saloon and rattled glasses, and then walked out on the sidewalk and proceeded to seal their devotion with a public osculation.—[Glasgow Times.

We are sorry the tale got out, but it is correctly told. Understand, however, that this is the exception to the rule. Don't all of 'em do that way here.—[Ed.

India rubber tires on the wheels of carriages are becoming quite common in England. One of these vehicles is silently gliding on a moonlight night, has a very weird effect, and if the horse had India rubber shoes as well, the whole affair would be horribly ghost-like. People who do not hear remarkably well ought also to be encased in India rubber to diminish the effect of being run over.

While at Combs' Ferry Station last Monday, we were surprised to see the amount of wheat that is being shipped from that place. Mr. Geo. J. Goodwin informed us that he has purchased 25,000 bushels at about 70 cents, and is still buying. The crop will bring a great deal of money into the county this year.—[Clark County Democrat.

Embezzlement should be made odious. Breaches of trust should be called stealing, and one who is guilty of it a thief. When more of this class of criminals are sentenced to hard labor in the Penitentiaries, and society looks upon them as it does upon the man who steals a horse, the crime will lessen.—[Cin. Enquirer.

The annoyance occasioned by the continued crying of the baby at once ceases when the cause is (as it should be) promptly removed by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price, 25 cents per bottle.

A Preventive against the "Shipper" in Bacon.

This maggot is hatched from an egg, deposited by the fly, early in the season, upon the flesh side of the joint of bacon, and rarely upon the sides. We have found the following recipe to be a never-failing preventive: Take ground black pepper, and mix with molasses to the consistency of a thick paste, and thoroughly rub over the flesh side of the joint and hook. From one to two tablespoonsful will be sufficient. It is best get unground pepper and grind it to a fine powder at home; as the packages of pepper usually found at the grocery are adulterated in their manufacture. The application should be made early in the Spring, before the fly appears; but if delayed until the egg has been deposited, scrape the joints thoroughly, and expose to the sun till clean, after which apply, and there will be no further trouble. It is not absolutely necessary to mix molasses, as the pepper may be applied after washing or wetting the surface, so as to cause the pepper to adhere. It may then be applied liberally from an ordinary pepper-box.—[Central Baptist.

The warm weather has for once conquered the Oldest Inhabitant. That exasperating person has never yet been willing to admit that there could be any weather which surpassed the weather of his distant and detestable youth. Whenever any one has remarked within his hearing that it was unprecedentedly hot, he would always say, "Taint nothing to the summer of 1817. I recollect that the thermometer was 90° in the shade for sixteen months that summer, and over fourteen thousand folks were sun-struck; and would then proceed to relate confirmatory anecdotes to that extent that would have made Ananias shudder in his grave could he have heard them. But this time the mendacious Oldest Inhabitant is too hot to lie, and within the last few days has not once insulted persons who have mentioned that the weather was the hottest on record.—[N. Y. Times.

"Doctor, that ere rat's bane of yours is fast-rate," said a Yankee to a village apothecary. "Know'd it know'd it!" said the pleased vender of drugs, "don't keep nothing but first-rate doctor's stuff." "And, doctor," said the joker, coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye." "Another pound!" "Yes, sir; I gin that pound I bought the other day to a nibbling mouse, and it made him dreadful sick—and I'm sure another pound would kill him!"

Four good mothers have given birth to four bad daughters—Truth has produced hatred; Success, pride; Security, danger; Familiarity, contempt. And, on the contrary, four bad mothers have produced as many good daughters, for Astronomy is the offspring of astrology, Chemistry, of alchemy; Freedom, of oppression; Patience, of long-suffering.

In the house of a Devonshire laborer, there were lying in ordinary-sized bed two mothers, two sons, one daughter, one grandmother, one grandson, brother and sister, uncle and nephew—all of whom (eleven) were comprehended in four persons, viz: A mother and her daughter, each with an infant son.

A very excellent soup for summer: Eight potatoes, boiled soft, piece of butter size of two eggs; boil one quart of milk and one quart of water together, and pour boiling hot on the soft potatoes; strain, and then boil half an hour in the milk and water.

"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes, the front of your house all marble and de back gate chiefly slop har' sah.—[St. Louis Spirit.

A new enemy to the potato has appeared in West Virginia. It resembles a small grasshopper, and destroys whole patches in a single night by stinging the plants near the ground.

Statistics show that the amount of money expended by the people of the United States each year for liquors amounts to five hundred and ninety-six million dollars.

It is feelingly observed by a Daubury man that you may shatter, you may break the bottle if you will, but about it will linger the perfume of the still.

If you are taking cold, grease your nose, throat and breast, drink a glass of hot lemonade, and cover up warm in bed. Morning will see you better.

"Letting the cat out of the bag" originated by a countryman bringing to market a cat and trying to sell it to green-horns for a young pig.

CANDIDATES.

SMITH R. MERSHON
Is a Candidate for Marshal of the town of Stanford, Election first Monday in August.

HON. W. M'KEE FOX
Is a Candidate for Congress, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE M. J. DURHAM
Is a Candidate for Congress in this District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE E. W. TURNER,
Of Madison, is a Candidate for Congress in this District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

PHIL. B. THOMPSON, Jr.,
Of Mercer Co., is a Candidate for CONGRESS in this, the 6th District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE J. H. DENNIS
Is a Candidate for Police Judge of Stanford, Election August next.

H. P. YOUNG
Is a Candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, Election August, 1878.

J. J. LANDRAM
Is a Candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, Election August next.

HON. ROBERT BLAIN
Is a Candidate for County Attorney—election 1st Monday in August, 1878.

PROFESSIONAL.

S. S. MYERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

Office with Judge Phillips in the Court-house Square.

BRECK JONES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

Office on Lancaster Street.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

FRUIT JARS at Bohon & Stagg's.
Best Toilet Soaps at Bohon & Stagg's.
Best Seed at Anderson & McRobert's.
Labor lot of Box Papers at Bohon & Stagg's.
Best mixed Paints in town at Anderson & McRobert's.
HEADQUARTERS for Paints of all kinds at Chennault's.
Best Land Oil and other machinery Oils at Bohon & Stagg's.

Best Toilet Soaps and perfumery in town, at Anderson & McRobert's.
SEWING MACHINES of all kinds repaired and adjusted by Carson & Dodge.

PURSE. Ice cold, delicious. That's the kind of Soda Water you get at Chennault's at five cents a glass.

FINE assortment of Toilet Soaps, hair, nail, tooth brushes, and perfumery, very cheap at Chennault's.

FOR RENT.—My Store Room and residence in Stanford. A large Park House and other buildings, will be rented with them. Apply to Wm. M. Ball, Stanford, Kentucky.

LIVER IS KING.—The liver is the imperial organ of the whole human system, as it controls the life, health, and happiness of man. When it is disturbed in its proper action, all kinds of ailments are the natural result. The digestion of food, the movements of the heart and blood, the action of the brain and nervous system, are all immediately connected with the workings of the liver. It has been successfully proved that Green's August Liver is unequalled in curing all persons afflicted with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, and all the numerous symptoms that result from an unhealthy condition of the liver and stomach. Sample bottles to try, 10 cents. Positively sold in all towns on the Western Continent. Three dollars will prove that it is just what you want. For sale by Bohon & Stagg.

PERSONAL.

WOOD LITTLE has moved his family to town. MISS MARY LOGAN has gone on a visit to Louisville.

MISS BEATRICE BOULE, of Horseville, is visiting at Mrs. Geo. O. Barker's.

Mrs. J. A. KENNEDY, of Richmond, paid a short visit to relatives here last week.

Mrs. D. B. EDWARDS left on yesterday for a visit to her father's, (Dr. J. B. Edwards), in Madison.

PAUL F. COOK, of Dover, accompanied by his sister, Miss Lillie, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. J. N. DAVIS has been called again to the sick bedside of her aunt Mrs. Sprague, at Nicholasville.

MISS JULIA CHASE and Miss Rosa Craig, who have been visiting here, left for the latter's home in Glasgow last evening.

Mrs. SALLIE C. TRUMBULL, who has been on a visit to Virginia, returned Wednesday, accompanied by Mrs. ———— White, of Jefferson county.

MISS ANNE WEAVER, of Louisville, and Miss Johnson, of Lancaster, who have been visiting at Mr. G. D. WEAVER's, returned home this week.

DR. A. F. MERRIMAN, returned from Somerset this week. He had been absent nearly three months and was kept busy at his profession the whole time.

ROBERT AUSTIN, JR., LAWYER, will please send out checks for a valuable book, giving the penal laws and the names of all the Post offices in the United States.

We failed to mention last week that our old friend, Prof. Junior Rochester, of the Louisville High School, has returned to spend his vacation with the old folks at home.

MR. GEO. H. BRUCE and Dr. O. H. McRobert left at a late hour last night, the former for Irvine, where he will join his wife, and the latter for Richmond, where he hopes to find his.

MR. MARTIN DILLON, of the L. & N. R. R., than whom a clever man never smothered a trunk or handed out a check, has our grateful acknowledgments for a vacation of mammoth proportions.

DR. S. F. CRAB, Brock Jones Esq., and Messrs. A. C. and Junior Rochester went up to Crab Orchard last night to enjoy the courtesies so liberally extended by the manager, Mr. S. S. Tevis.

S. F. GRIMES, Esq., of Owens, Texas, has returned to the land of his birth, and is enjoying the bright recollections of other days that the visit recalls. Mr. Grimes is a prominent Prosecuting Attorney in the "Lone Star" State, and his parents and friends are justly proud of the reputation he has won.

The fishing party composed of Rev. J. L. Barnes, Col. J. K. Faulkner and Dr. J. T. Bohon, returned from a two-week's excursion last evening. Their operations were in the Big South Fork of the Cumberland, down which from Devil's Jump they went in a canoe, catching salmon, pike, bass and catfish by the thousands. They appear greatly pleased with their trip.

LOCAL NEWS.

WEAVER & EVANS sell a good two horse wagon with bed and brake, for \$70.

MISS MARY LOGAN'S Select School commences on the 1st Monday in September.

The boys are practicing standing guard over the incineraries this week, preparatory for more serious work, next.

The Common School, which commenced here last Monday week under the charge of Mr. M. D. Hughes, has already forty scholars, with a prospect of the number running to 60 or 75.

ARRESTED.—Deputy Caldwell arrested and lodged in jail this week, Bill Jackson, a negro against whom there are three indictments, two for carrying concealed weapons and one for petty larceny.

DECIDED.—The suit on trial when we went to press last week—A. P. Hicketts vs. C. Crooke—for \$10,000 damages, was decided by the jury, who gave the plaintiff \$100 and costs, the latter amounting to \$311.03. Mr. Crooke's lawyers thought of taking the case to the Court of Appeals, but subsequently determined to abide the verdict.

DIDN'T PAN OUT WELL.—The Ku Klux case mentioned in these columns last week, was tried before Justices Carson and Portman, on Friday last, and resulted in the dismissal of all of the prisoners but Tom Robinson and John Arnold, and the charge against them was reduced to trespass. They gave bonds in the sum of \$50 each for their appearance at Circuit Court.

MAP MAKING.—Mr. R. B. Terrell, Topographical Engineer of the firm of Messrs. D. G. Beers & Co., Philadelphia, is here making a map of this county and Garrard. When completed it will be the largest and most comprehensive map ever produced of the two counties, and will be a very valuable acquisition. It will be sold by subscription, and at a price that will make it easily attainable.

ENCOURAGING TO POLICY HOLDERS.—Mrs. Wm. Lucas, of Horseville, received last week from the Agent of the Kentucky Grange Mutual Benefit Society, \$2,335, the amount due on the policy of her husband. This Institution admits Grangers of all ages, and regulates the initiation fee according to the age; afterwards at the death of a member an assessment of \$1.10 is collected from the others, and the family of the deceased receives one dollar for each member composing the organization in the State.

NEW HOUSE.—Mr. M. G. Nevins is putting up a handsome residence at the extreme end of Lancaster street.

SINCE our Jail has been torn down, the travel from here to Lancaster has materially increased. Jailer Buford has to take some one over every day.

CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPONS.—Wm. Rowland, white, was arrested and taken to Lancaster Jail yesterday, on an indictment charging him with carrying concealed weapons.

SICKNESS.—People should be very particular what they eat and drink this hot weather. There are a number of cases of fever in the vicinity which might have been avoided had a little self-denial and precaution been observed.

SICK.—W. H. Miller, Esq., desires us to say that sickness prevented him from filling his appointments to speak at the several places in the county that he had advertised. He will however, be all right in a few days and make up for lost time.

SEMI-YEARLY settlements are now in order. If you have not paid your account for the last six months, be sure to do so at once; and, whatever you do, don't fail to let us have that little account you owe us. You have been owing it a long time, and we need it badly.

SEEKING OTHER SCENES.—Bud Broadus, against whom there were found several indictments of a serious nature, at the last term of the Circuit Court, joined his wife, who was on the train, at North Fork, on Tuesday, and left for a more congenial climate. It is thought that he has gone to Tennessee.

EXTRAITS.—The law requires that notices of Extraits, besides being posted at the Court-house door, shall also be published in the county paper four times. The proceeding are not legal otherwise, and we print this for the benefit of those who are not aware of the fact. You who have notices stuck up at the Court-house had better see to it at once.

CIRCUIT COURT.—The summer term of this Court will commence next Monday. There are 144 cases on the docket, 34 of which are for felonies, including 3 murder cases. Sam Holmes' case is the first on the docket; but we learn that it is not likely that he will be tried at this term, as his counsel will try either for a continuance or a change of venue. In any event, Holmes will be brought here and kept under a strong guard until it is disposed of.

OIL.—Owing to a trouble with the drill boring at the well on Green River has been suspended for a week. The well is now about 300 feet deep, and of a superior quality has risen to a depth of a hundred feet or more. The proprietor, Mr. H. W. Scott, is confident that he has struck a paying vein and will in a short time begin to test its capacity. That portion of the future that this well opens to their view.

WARREN.—We learn that a number of men who had fled from this and adjoining counties, to escape punishment for crimes for which they ought long ago to have suffered the death penalty, have been seen in this vicinity lately. Their object is said to be to view the situation, and in case their services are needed, to be on hand to assist the escape of their friends in trouble. Considering the public feeling against crime and criminals, and the strong desire to save Lincoln county from the reputation of the scenes that have so long disgraced her, we are loth to believe that these law-breakers have the audacity to put in an appearance at this particular time, but it is well to be prepared for anything, and we are glad to know that our County Judge, whose action in the past endears him to all lovers of the law, intends that he shall not be caught napping. The returned outlaws will find here, to that which existed when they left. Arrest and punishment now follow crime, the people are determined that law and order shall prevail, and the murderer who is loose had better flee the wrath to come, if he wishes to save his neck from the halter.

CRAB ORCHARD SPRINGS.—We had the pleasure in company with a friend, of spending last Sunday at this popular and pleasant resort. There were then about 200 visitors, most of whom have engaged rooms for the season. Since then, each day's train has increased the number at the rate of thirty, and still they come. We can't say why every body who can, does not put in an appearance, whether in quest of pleasure, health or recreation. Even during the scorching heat of the last two weeks, it has been delightfully pleasant there in the day time, and the nights are cool enough to always insure a good sleep. The young people are enjoying themselves to the fullest extent, as the amusements are varied and attractive. The "German" shorts the morning hours, and there is a dance every night, climaxing in a grand ball on Friday night. Mr. L. S. Tevis, the attentive and watchful manager, is ably assisted in his duties by Mr. J. C. Fleet and Prof. Joy, and you are made to feel perfectly at home. The "hop-to-night" was a grand one, and a number of our kind friends will avail themselves of the kind invitation extended to all. Among the celebrities at the Springs are Gen. B. H. Bristow and Senator James B. Beck.

BROUGHT 'EM IN.—It having been noted about that the Governor had offered a reward of \$200 for the several armed men who unlawfully confederated and banded together on the night of the 22nd of June, and burned the houses owned by James Wickham and Francis Lair, situated on Green River, in this county, Wood Little, who is the handiest man imaginable in a case of that kind, got Ben Martin, Frank Wilmer, Alex and Dick Kilgill, went in search of the suspected parties and succeeded in arresting John Wickham, Thomas Cain, Peter Cain, Tobe Farmer, Pless Decker, Peter Gill and Green Walls. Some of them were taken at their homes, but three of them, with another that escaped, were found together, and at the approach of Mr. Little, brought their cocked pistols to bear on him, but he was used to that kind of fun, and drawing his gun down, succeeded in making them all drop their pistols but one, who took to his heels and made his escape. The party was brought to town and will be kept under guard till Saturday, when their examining trial will be had. Mr. Little informs us that he has sufficient evidence to convict them, and is sure of his \$200. He well deserves it, and we hope he will get it. See advertisement in another column.

BURNED TO DEATH.—It is the old, old story. A little daughter of Mr. Eades', of Paint Lick, Garrard county, attempted to kindle a fire with Kerosene, an explosion followed, and the little thing was so frightfully burned that she died in six hours.

WORTHILY BESTOWED.—Prof. J. B. Myers, who has greatly improved both in health and appearance since his return from Texas, received a check from Col. A. M. Swope, Revenue Collector, this week, for \$20, which he requested him to accept in token of the high appreciation of his old pupil. The act shows that Col. Swope possesses a generous heart, and he deserves commendation for displaying it on one so worthy as the Professor.

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